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Aboard a Slow Train in
Mizzouri

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BAKER, 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

Aboard a Slow Train in Mizzouri

A Farcical Entertainment in Three Acts

By

WALTER BEN HARE

Author of more than one hundred plays, including:
"A Couple of Million," "Professor Pepp," "A Pageant of History," "The Hoodoo," "Much Ado About Betty," "Teddy," "The Heiress Hunters," "The Scoutmaster," "The Camp Fire Girls," "The Boy Scouts," "The Dutch Detective," "Isosceles," "Twelve Old Maids," "The Beantown Choir," "Costume Monologues," "Over Here," "And Billy Disappeared," "The Adventures of Grandpa," "Grandma Gibbs of the Red Cross," etc.

NOTICE TO PROFESSIONALS

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Aboard a Slow Train in Mizzouri

WHO IS WHO

CLARENCE ANGELCAKE, the "cullud" porter.
HANDSOME HARRY SUNK, the conductor, a hero from the feet up.
SIR GILBERT DARKWOOD, a human wolf with a black mustache.
MÖE SLIBITSKY, who sells you almost for nothing.
LENGTHY TIM TUCKINS, a country sport, by heck!
LITTLE MR. DOOHUNKER, the constabule of Slabside Corners.
NAPOLEON DOOHUNKER, aged 13 months.
ROMEO BLACK, a city blossom.
COLLEGE BOYS.
PRETTY PAULINE PETTY, the persecuted heroine.
MISS TESSIE ETTA CODFISH, looking for a man.
VALESKA VAMP, a mysterious mystery.
SIS HOPKINS, keep your eye on Sis.
AUNT VENUS HOPKINS, with the internal dyspepsy.
BIG MIS' DOOHUNKER, just as cute as possible.
MISS MOLECULE, a lady teacher.
MRS. TALCUM, a singer in the choir.
CECILIA TALCUM, mamma's precious.
MARJORIE MAYFLOWER, from New England.
DIXIE COTTON, from the Sunny South.
BETTY BLIZZARD, from up Dakota way.
GOLDIE GATES, a California blossom.
NANCY BROWN, from New York town.

Grips, Boxes, Boys, Gals, etc.



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SYNOPSIS

ACT I. The inside of a railroad day-coach on the P. D. Q. Railroad, Eczema, Mizzouri.

ACT II. Same old train travelling from Slabside Corners to Rolla.

ACT III. It keeps on travelling from Vinegar Creek right to our own depot.

TO THE MANAGER

This little play may be given anywhere. It has been produced in a large theatre with marked success, nearly one hundred persons appearing in the cast, and it has been equally successfully given by Draughan's Business College at Springfield, Mo., with no scenery or curtains, very little special costuming or make-up, and only fourteen people in the cast. It has been given in churches, school-rooms and lodge halls with marked success.

The specialties called for in the text may be changed to suit the taste of the performers, or may be omitted entirely. Popular songs of the day should be used and it is not necessary for the songs to be in character, that is Black does not have to sing a "dude" song, etc.

Rehearse all the action and "business" at every rehearsal, as much of the success of the performance depends on movement. Insist that all the players keep in character all the time, for instance in the scene at the end of the second act Sis, Venus, Black and others have no lines, but their acting ability can be gauged by facial expression, gestures, pantomime work, etc. Always keep in your character whether you have anything to say or not.

A good method of advertising is to make use of home-made posters showing pictures of trains, funny characters, etc., cut from magazines and displayed in show windows about ten days before the performance.

COSTUMES

CLARENCE.—Large shoes, white socks with red polka-dots made of grease paint, dark trousers much too short and too tight. Blue coat with brass buttons and regulation cap, if possible. If not, wear white barber's coat and negro wig. Black cotton gloves. Use prepared burnt cork for make-up. Moisten the face with water, take a lump of cork as big as a hazel-nut and make a thin paste of it with water, rub the palms of hands together, spreading cork over them. Carefully outline the mouth and eyes with a paper stump dipped in cork, then apply cork on hands briskly to face, neck and ears. Leave a large mouth exposed but do *not* use any red paint. Rumble the hair and, if necessary, use some cork on exposed parts of hair. Wash your hands and put on black gloves. Remove superfluous cork from face with soft brush. To wash up, first go over face with soap and water, then wipe off with damp sponge, then use wash-rag with soap and water and soft towel. This is the regulation "minstrel" make-up as used by professionals. Use no cold cream, grease or red paint—these give a shiny face and are difficult to remove.

HARRY.—Conductor's uniform and cap. Ticket punch. To make up, coat the face with cold cream well rubbed into the pores. Dry face with towel. Use No. 3 grease paint, making strokes down each side of throat, across forehead, on nose, chin and throat, then with the hands smooth the paint out until it covers evenly the entire surface of face, neck and ears. The surface must be smooth, and the evidence of grease scarcely perceptible. Then put red paint on cheek bones high up, graduating it to blend with the flesh color. Then powder the face and brush off superfluous powder. With a fine artist's stump of paper draw a line of black grease paint under the eyes close up to the lashes, and another line on the lid just above the lashes, then extend these two lines out past the corner

of the eyes, making them meet about an eighth of an inch beyond the eye. Then rub finger over these lines until they are softened into a shadow. Heat a little black grease paint on a stick until it is slightly melted, and apply to the eyelashes. Brush all powder from eyebrows and darken lightly with soft pencil. Accentuate the lips with red grease paint and apply a little dry rouge to cheek-bones. A touch of dry rouge on the chin will add prominence to that feature. This is the professional "juvenile" make-up.

GILBERT.—Handsome travelling suit. Make up similar to Harry, but use less red. Black crêpe hair mustache about three inches long. Comb out a section of crêpe hair on a comb, so that the fibres all run the same way; roll this in the hand to take out the crimp; pull it until it resembles the shape of a mustache. Cut it in two and paste on the lips in two sections, one on each side, using spirit gum to hold it in position. Hold a towel over the lip until it adheres. Then trim and shape with scissors.

MOE.—Loud travelling suit, white vest and spats, red tie, plenty of jewelry. Should be rather stout. Roman nose made of nose putty and molded in a natural way. Make-up similar to Harry's, being careful to color the nose to match the complexion. Wear derby hat down over the ears. If the actor is not naturally stout a beard and mustache to match the hair may be worn. The beard and mustache should be thin and very little crêpe hair is needed. Use many gestures and try to give the dialect as printed. Moe exaggerates or drawls out his vowel sounds; instead of saying *Mister*, he says *Meester*, etc. Carry a new pair of suspenders in a case.

TIM.—Tall, thin man in gray suit too small for him. Gaudy shirt, tie and socks. Bright tan shoes. Old-fashioned, low-crowned derby hat. A country sport. Make-up similar to Harry's.

DOOHUNKER.—A small man of about 40. Cheap costume. Powder hair and wear gray mustache, whiskers, etc. Paint eyebrows gray. Use no red on face. Wrinkle face with soft pencil.

NAPOLEON.—Aged 13 months. Have this rôle played

by the smallest child who can learn the lines and act intelligently. Dry the teeth and then paint them black, except the two front ones, with warm grease paint. Powder the face but use no black or red on face. Baby cap of white with blue ribbons, long baby clothes. This part requires much practice to act like a real baby.

BLACK.—Dude part. Extremely stylish clothes. Wishy-washy, effeminate manner. Make up like Harry but do not use much red. Straw hat and cane.

PAULINE.—Pretty girl. Hair down in curls. White and blue summer dress. White and blue auto bonnet with large veil that completely conceals face and curls. For the third act she changes to another pretty summer dress. Pauline and Tess should be about the same size and height.

TESS.—Old maid. Wrinkled face. Old-fashioned clothes, funny bonnet, black lace mitts, reticule, etc. She changes to Pauline's first dress with the veil concealing her face and head. This is a great acting part, especially at the end of Act II, when the rôle must be played in an intensely dramatic manner.

VALESKA.—Handsome brunette. Dashing travelling costume of some pronounced color combination, as black and orange, bright red and white, etc.

SIS.—Made up like the well-known pictures of the character. Hair in two pigtails wired out in curves, and parted in the middle. Coarse shoes. White stockings striped with red grease paint. Ill-fitting gingham slip over calico dress, short in front and longer behind. Funny little hat. Folded handkerchief pinned on dress with a safety pin. Walk pigeon-toed, chew gum, and hump the shoulders.

VENUS.—Old woman of 70. Large spectacles. Wrinkled face. Teeth blocked out like Napoleon's. Old-time calico dress of dark material and big "bunnet" and "umberill."

MRS. DOOHUNKER.—Should be played by large man dressed like a country woman. Wig, dress, hat, etc., in outlandish style. Do *not* try to speak in a falsetto voice, but soften the voice as much as possible. This rôle

might be played by a large, stout woman, but it is funnier the other way.

MISS MOLECULE.—Nose-glasses, travelling coat, small bonnet. Very prim and precise. Change to gaudy dress, exaggerated hair arrangement, large gaudy hat and novel. Make a complete change in voice and character when you enter with Nancy.

MRS. TALCUM.—Aged 35. Pretty travelling costumes.

CECELIA.—Aged 10. Pretty travelling costume suitable to her age.

MARJORIE.—Pretty summer dress for first song, travelling dress and hat after that.

DIXIE, BETTY and GOLDIE.—Similar to Marjorie.

NANCY.—First costume should be similar to Marjorie's. Second costume should be similar to Miss Molecule's second costume.

SETTING

The stage is arranged to represent the interior of an old-time day-coach on the Eczema, Squash Creek and Sassafrass Railroad. The performance may be given on a stage or platform as desired. A back drop depicting the interior of a train could easily be arranged with brown cambric or canvas tacked on a frame. Seven small windows appear in the back drop; these may be openings in the scene or simply painted in. Over each window is an advertisement of some local firm who pays for the privilege. Sixteen ordinary chairs are used, the backs covered with dull red cambric tied in place. They are arranged in two rows near the back and all facing R. If desired the back drop may be omitted and the imagination of the audience stimulated by lack of scenery. This serves very well for very small stages and platforms, but the advertising display would pay the expenses of a good home-made back drop. At one performance small benches from a shoe store served as seats.

EFFECTS

To imitate the sound of the train, tack two pieces of coarse sandpaper on boards and rub together rhythmically to make the proper effect. A snare drum in the hands of a skillful player can simulate the noise of a departing train. A real engine bell is generally easily procured, also a whistle that sounds like an engine whistle.

Aboard a Slow Train in Mizzouri

ACT I

SCENE.—*The interior of an old-time railroad coach. For detailed description of the scene see page 7.*

(Characters are discovered at rise of the curtain standing down front in a straight line, TESSIE at L., then TIM, VENUS, MOE, SIS, HARRY, VALESKA, BLACK, MRS. TALCUM, SILAS, CECELIA and CLARENCE at R. All sing Opening Song directly to persons in the audience, executing dance-steps, gestures, etc., in unison. Put plenty of pep in the song and action, waving handkerchiefs on first two lines, etc.)

OPENING SONG

(Tune: Chorus of "Long Boy.")

So long, paw; so long, maw;
So long, mule, with your old hee-haw;
For I am off to see the sights,
The city streets and the 'lectric lights.
I'll laugh and sing and tell some jokes,
And act, by gosh, like the city folks—
I'll cut up till I'm black and blue,
And that's about all one critter kin do.

So long, paw; so long, maw;
So long, mule, with your old hee-haw;
We're pokin' along on this slow train,
I'll bet we'll never git back again;

The engine's broke, won't do a thing,
 They tied it up with a old shoe-string,
 They toot the whistle and ring the bell,
 But the blamed old flivver ain't feelin' well.

(*On the last four lines all take seats. At end of song whistle blows, sandpaper effect suggests train in motion, all sway, acting as if on a moving train.*)

CLARENCE (*at R., after slight pause, drawls*). Eczema, Eczema! Change keers fer Sassafrass, Tizic, Catfish Junction, Turkey Run and all points in Arkansaw. Eczema, Eczema! Twenty minutes' stop fer dinner.

VENUS. Boy, is this yere Eczema?

(*All begin to gather up luggage, etc.*)

CLAR. (*goes to her*). Yas'm, lady, dis am Eczema.

VEN. (*looking out of the window*). We-uns can't see 'ary a thing, 'ceptin' a cow critter standin' longside the track.

CLAR. Yas'm, dat's it, when de cow moves you kin see Eczema. (*Calls.*) Eczema, Eczema, twenty minutes' stop fer dinner.

CECELIA. Come on, maw, get a move on. I'm so hungry I could eat grass.

MRS. TALCUM. Cecelia, such language! I'm astonished at your precocity.

CEC. Say, you oughta see my appetite. That's got my precocity skinned a thousand miles.

(*SILAS, BLACK and VALESKA exeunt at R.*)

MRS. T. I don't believe that lunch room is sanitary.

CEC. I don't care whether it is or not, just as long as they got the goods. I'm so hungry I could eat a live cow, horns and all.

(*They go out at R., followed by HARRY, MOE and TIM.*)

SIS. Aunt Venus, ain't we-uns a-goin' to git off the keers and stretch?

VEN. Git off'n the keers? Wall, I reckon not. We-

uns is goin' to set right whar we is. I ain't aimin' to take no chances of these yere keers runnin' away down them 'ere tracks and leavin' we-uns floundered high and dry in a no-count mud-hole like Eczemy. You jest set still, honey, and git out the shoe-box o' cold vittels. I reckon we-uns won't starve nohow.

(TESSIE is nibbling a cracker in the second seat from R. SIS and VEN. eat their lunch in the second seat from L.)

SIS. How would you like one of these yere cowcumber pickles, Aunt Venus? I tooken this yere bottle along 'spacially fer you-uns.

VEN. Nope, I ain't et a cowcumber pickle in sixty years, honey; they don't agree with my internal dyspepsy. Jest gimme a hunk of that corn bread, a couple o' cold roastin' years, some of them cold turnip greens and the pickings off'n that hambone and I'll be satisfied. When a critter gits to be my age they gotta be kinda keerful what they puts in their innards.

SIS. Seems like I'm a-honin' fer sump'm hot, Aunt Venus.

VEN. Now you jest hesh up your talk. Don't you-uns go on thataway. We-uns ain't got nothin' hot, and ain't had nothin' hot, and ain't a-goin' to git nothin' hot, and wouldn't want nothin' hot ef we did git it. Hot food-vittels allers start my internal dyspepsy worser'n cat fits.

(TESS. looks in vanity case, powders nose, arranges curls, etc.).

SIS. Oh, Aunt Venus, what you reckon's the matter with that lady?

VEN. I dunno. Is she ailin'?

SIS. She's a-peekin' at herself in the lookin'-glass and puttin' flour on her face.

VEN. Glory-to-goshen, mebbe she ain't right in the haid.

Enter MOE from R., followed by CLAR. carrying his grips.
MOE crosses to L. and takes last seat.

MOE. Porter, here is vere I want to set. I don't like to set up close by der engine, 'cause ef we have a smash-up it's goin' to be safer back here.

CLAR. Boss, if we has a smash-up it ain't safe no place. En-gine runnin' along de track dis way (*gestures with right fist*) and train runnin' along de track *dis way* (*gestures with left fist*), en-gine bumps into de train. (*Brings two fists together.*) Blooey! And we all goes straight up on a bee-line for de golden gates.

MOE. Oh, dot's all right. (*Smiles.*) You see I got me a good accident insurance policy, und if dere ain't no accident den I don't get no money yet.

CLAR. Yass, and if dey *is* a accident, you won't want no money.

MOE. Say, couldn't I interest you in my patented leedle suspender? It's a wonderful leedle invention. It not only acts at all times like a good suspender should, but ven it ain't in use it can be used to strop a razor on, or to make a swing for your leedle boy, or to make a fan-belt for your automobile, or to make a harness for your pony, or to make a fancy elastic sash for your wife. It has patent adjustable buttonholes and der rubber stretches like everything. Oh, it's a bargain, a wonderful bargain. It is called the Uneeda Suspender because ninety out of every hundred men do. It comes in red, blue, white, purple, black, yellow and mixed—und it only costs a helluf a dollar. (*Gestures.*) If dot ain't giving it away, vot is it?

CLAR. Boss, excuse me, you can't sell me none.

MOE. Vy not?

CLAR. 'Cause when a man's got a latitude like I has he don't need no suspenders.

MOE (*looks out of the window*). Vot place is this we are stopping, porter?

CLAR. Dis yere's Eczema.

MOE. It don't look healthy.

CLAR. It ain't. Dat's how come dem to name it Eczema.

MOE. Have I got time to get me somding to eat?

CLAR. Boss, you's got all der time in de world.

MOE. Maybe I can do a leedle business while I vait. Honest, meester, I got der best suspender vot vos ever put on der market. Der hain't nodding like der Uneeda Suspenders.

[Exit at R. talking to CLAR. about the suspenders.

(*Specialty introduced by MRS. T. with chorus of girls, all wearing organdie dresses of various colors and black picture hats. Sing something bright and snappy and use uniform gestures and dance-steps or drill movements. VALESKA, MOLECULE, MARJORIE, DIXIE, BETTY, GOLDIE, NANCY and CECELIA could assist in this number, but all should be about the same height. At the end of the specialty they dance out at L. and R.*)

SIS (pointing to TESS.). That thar lady's got mighty slim eatings, Aunt Venus.

VEN. Wall, that's all right, honey, she's a mighty slim lady.

SIS. I'm a-goin' to offer her a hunk o' chicken.

VEN. Don't you-uns be so brash. She'll think you're tryin' to sell it to her.

SIS. We-uns is got plenty and I ain't goin' to be stingy. (*Goes to TESS.'s seat; speaks bashfully.*) We-uns thought you-uns might like a hunk o' this yere chicken, that is, ef you-uns ain't overswamped with what you got. (*Offers her a chicken leg bashfully.*)

TESS. Why, you dear little thing, thank you very much. But I'm not hungry.

SIS. You hain't? We-uns is allers hungry. And that's a right tolerable good hunk o' chicken. My maw says chicken is powerful good eatin' when you hain't hungry.

TESS. I'm sure it is lovely. But I'll tell you a secret. I'm too excited to eat.

SIS. How come you're excited?

TESS. I'm going to be married to-day.

SIS. Married?

TESS. Yes.

SIS. Lawsy-to-goshen, ain't that cute? My maw says

gittin' married is jest like gittin' a gold tooth in yer haid. Ain't no gal goin' to be happy till she gits it, and after she's got it she'll wish she didn't have it. Air you-uns goin' to git married on the keers?

TESS. Oh, no. I expect to meet my fiancé at Skink Holler.

SIS. Your what?

TESS. The man I am going to marry.

SIS. Oh, I thought it was a new kind of ice-cream sody, er stump'm.

TESS. I'm so excited. You see I've never even seen him.

SIS. Glory-to-goshen, ain't never seen him? Then how come you-uns is goin' to git married?

TESS. We became engaged by correspondence. His name is Mr. Slubitsky and he's in the clothing business. And he's never seen me. Isn't that romantic?

SIS. My maw says there ain't no use in rushin' into nothin' blindfolded. Look well before you buy is her motto, and taste, too, if ye kin.

VEN. Sis, what you-all doin'?

SIS. Nothin'.

VEN. I feel a kinda hankerin' fer a hot cup o' coffee. Do you reckon we-uns will have time to git a cup of coffee?

TESS. I think so.

VEN. Then make haste, Sis. I wouldn't git left here in Eczemy fer a golden pretty, I shore wouldn't.

(At r. door.)

SIS. Aunt Venus she don't set much store on Eczemy, on account o' her second husband havin' been borned in this town. She hain't never liked it sence.

[VENUS and SIS go out at r.

(Soft music: "Hearts and Flowers." Enter PAULINE from l. She comes timidly in and looks around as she comes down c. TESS. watches her a moment and then comes to her. End music when TESS. speaks.)

TESS. Are you looking for some one?

PAUL. Yes, but I reckon he isn't here yet.

TESS. He? Then it's a man. I knew it all the time. It is, isn't it?

PAUL. (*timidly*). Yes'm, it's a man. A nobleman.

TESS. A nobleman? Or just a noble man?

PAUL. He's a lord or something over in England.

TESS. Ain't that romantic?

PAUL. He said he would meet me here at the station.

TESS. I knew it, I knew it. I says to myself the minute I saw you, says I, "Tessie Etta Codfish, there's a bride." It was my intuitive intuition. You *are* a bride, ain't you?

PAUL. Yes'm. (*Confused*.) No'm. I mean, I reckon I am.

TESS. Lawsy me, don't you know whether you're a bride or not?

PAUL. (*hesitates*). Well, I —

TESS. Kinda bashful, ain't you?

PAUL. No, it isn't that, but Gilbert asked me to keep it a secret. You see, no one knows anything about it yet.

TESS. (*ecstatically clasping hands*). A runaway match? An elopement! Isn't that romantic? Just married, I suppose?

PAUL. No. We are to be married as soon as we reach Kansas City. Sir Gilbert thought it would be better not to tell the folks at home.

TESS. Sir Gilbert? It sounds jest like a novel book.

PAUL. He's in the movies, Miss Codfish.

TESS. Do your folks live in Eczema?

PAUL. I should say they do. Paw is the constabule and the deputy sheriff and the Excellent High Priest of the Royal Arch in his lodge, and maw sings in the choir, is vice-president of the Epworth League and score-keeper of the Thursday Bridge Club, and me—wall, I'm the belle of Eczema.

TESS. I can't see why you are running away.

PAUL. I'm going in the movies. Sir Gilbert says that I should have been a movie actress long ago and now he's going to marry me and make me a star.

TESS. Can you trust him?

PAUL. Of course. He's a moving-picture actor.

TESS. But maybe he's a wolf in sheep's clothing.

PAUL. (*indignantly*). Indeed he is not. He wears the loveliest clothes ever seen in Eczema.

TESS. But you're not marrying him for his clothes, are you?

PAUL. Certainly not. I wouldn't know what to do with them.

TESS. Have you known him very long?

PAUL. About two weeks, but he is an awfully good mixer.

TESS. Don't you think you had better go back to the old homestead on the hillside and tell the poor old father and mother all about it?

PAUL. (*crying*). Please don't make me cry. It makes my nose shiny.

TESS. Your poor old father will be heart-broken when he learns that his little daughter has deserted the old home.

PAUL. (*crying loudly*). Oh, he will, I know he will.

TESS. And your poor old gray-haired mother waiting, longing, hoping for the wanderer's return. She'll sit up every night looking for you and wondering what has become of her stray sheep.

PAUL. (*indignantly*). Sheep?

TESS. I mean lamb. Every night they'll watch and wait, your old tottering father and your poor old motherly mother. (PAUL. *gives a sharp intake of the breath as if affected*.) They'll both watch and wait. Are there any others in the family?

PAUL. There's Hennery.

TESS. And Hennery will watch and wait for you, too.

PAUL. (*tearfully*). I know he will.

TESS. They'll put the lighted candle in the window and Hennery will watch the door —

PAUL. And wag his tail.

TESS. Wag his tail? Say, what is Hennery?

PAUL. (*tearfully*). Our old watch-dog.

TESS. Promise me one thing.

PAUL. What is it?

TESS. Promise me you won't elope with this moving-picture hero but return to your little country home.

PAUL. I can't do that.

TESS. Why not?

PAUL. 'Cause we don't live in no country home.

(Sobs.) We live in a flat over the livery stable.

TESS. Heed my warning. Mayhap if you run away it will be more than you can bear.

PAUL. I can bear?

TESS. You can bear.

PAUL. (*snaps her fingers as rag-time singers do and sings*). "I can bear, I can bear, I can bear!"

(*Dances a little or poses.*)

Enter SIR GILBERT DARKWOOD from L.

GILBERT. Stop! What is the meaning of this?

PAUL. Oh, don't be angry with me, Gilbert. I can't bear it.

GIL. I have been looking everywhere for you.

PAUL. You're not angry with me, are you? (*Emotionally.*) Say you are not angry with me. Say you forgive me.

GIL. (*twisting mustache*). Very well, then. I forgive you. Did you bring it?

PAUL. Bring what?

GIL. The jewel box and the papers.

PAUL. No!

GIL. No?

PAUL. Oh, Gilbert, don't ask me to take my father's papers.

GIL. We've got to live on something, ain't we—I mean, haven't we?

PAUL. Why, Gilbert, I thought you were rich.

GIL. (*takes her hand*). Pauline, I am rich. But I can't get my money for a few days. You trust me, don't you? You must. Everybody trusts me, for a while at least. I look honest, don't I?

PAUL. Yes, you do, you do.

GIL. (*looks at watch*). I still have time to get the box

and the papers. Whatever happens I must have those papers.

PAUL. Why?

GIL. Ask me not why. It is the secret of my life. Where are they hidden?

PAUL. In the little desk in the front room, but I don't think father would like it.

GIL. Bah, what is that to Gilbert Darkwood? You tarry here and soon I will return. (*Hurries out at L.*)

PAUL. (*tearfully*). He cares more for the papers and the jewels than he does for me. Harry would never have treated me thus. Never!

TESS. (*comes to her*). Harry? Who is Harry?

PAUL. (*confused*). Oh, he's a young man.

TESS. I didn't think he was a goldfish.

PAUL. He's the conductor. He used to be my beau.

TESS. Ah, ha! And Sir Gilbert Darkwood has come between you.

PAUL. Yes, ain't it awful?

TESS. Do you still care for him?

PAUL. Harry is lovely, but he hasn't any money.

TESS. Money? When true love is at stake what is money?

PAUL. And Gilbert is going to make me a movie star.

TESS. I don't believe it.

PAUL. You doubt his word?

TESS. A shrimp with a mustache like he's got would say anything. You'd better let me take you back home.

PAUL. (*crosses to L. with TESS.*). But I want to be a movie star.

Enter HARRY and MOE from R.

MOE (*speaking as they enter*). Den I can't sell you a nice pair of Uneeda Suspenders?

HARRY. No.

MOE. It's a awful good bargain for a dollar and a helluf.

HAR. I don't use 'em.

PAUL. (*to TESS.*). There's Harry. Oh, what shall I do? He mustn't see me here. Where shall I hide? He

mustn't suspect that I am eloping with Sir Gilbert Darkwood; it would break his noble heart.

TESS. Pull your veil over your face and he won't know you.

(PAUL. *complies and they sit at L.*)

MOE. Say, meester, you don't know vot a big bargain you're missing ven you don't buy a pair of Uneeda Suspenders. (*Sits at R.*)

Enter Miss Molecule from R.

MISS M. (*coming to HAR. at c.*). Oh, conductor, what time does the train leave?

HAR. Just as soon as we can get the engine fixed. I think it has water in its carburetor.

MISS M. Oh, I hope there won't be an accident. I am Miss Molecule from The Select School and I have several young ladies in my charge. You won't allow any accident to happen to us, will you, conductor?

HAR. Not if I can help it.

MISS M. Oh, thank you. You make me feel so safe. You look like such a nice, innocent young man that I feel sure I can introduce my young ladies to you with perfect safety.

HAR. Oh, thank you.

MISS M. You like young ladies, don't you?

HAR. Does a duck like to swim?

PAUL. (*to TESS.*). Did you hear that? And he told me I was the only girl he'd ever look at twice.

MISS M. First, Miss Marjorie Mayflower from New England.

Enter MARJORIE from L.

HAR. Pleased to meet you.

MAR. (*goes to him and shakes hands*). You're not half as pleased as I am. I just love conductors. They're generally such pleasant men and we get to meet so few men at the boarding school. I'm from Boston. Do you like Boston?

HAR. Oh, yes.

MAR. Isn't that nice? I'm making a specialty of biology at school, all about amoebæ and protococci. Aren't they the weirdest things? Do you like amoebæ?

HAR. I don't know. I never ate any.

MAR. Oh, you're the funniest thing.

(*Sits back of PAUL.*)

MISS M. Miss Dixie Cotton from the sunny south.

Enter DIXIE from L.

DIX. Did you call me?

MISS M. I am introducing you to the conductor.

DIX. (*goes to HAR. and shakes hands with him.*) Oh, delighted, I'm sure. I haven't seen such a cute man since I left North Carolina. They're so strict at the boarding school.

MISS M. That will do, Dixie. You sit with Miss Mayflower.

DIX. Oh, just as we were beginning to get acquainted, too.

MISS M. Miss Betty Blizzard from Dakota.

Enter BETTY from L.

BET. (*rushes to HAR. and shakes his hand vigorously.*) Put her thar, pard. I'm tickled to death to meet you.

HAR. You and me both.

BET. Do you ever travel way up north?

HAR. Frequently.

BET. And don't you think Dakota girls are just lovely?

HAR. Lovely isn't strong enough. They're angels.

PAUL. Well, I like that.

MISS M. That will do, Betty. Don't be boisterous. Sit down and study your psychology.

BET. Oh, there are lots of things more interesting than psychology.

MISS M. That will do. Sit there.

(*BET. sits behind DIX.*)

HAR. I'm beginning to think this trip is going to be a success.

MISS M. And this is Goldie Gates, my California blossom.

Enter GOLDIE from L. She goes to HAR.

GOLD. (*demurely*). How do you do, kind sir?

HAR. Quite well, I thank you.

GOLD. I was awfully afraid to take this trip through Missouri. I've heard about mountains and bandits and road-agents and ever so many horrible things, but now that I've met you, I'm not frightened any longer.

MISS M. Sit down, Goldie. Don't monopolize the conductor. (*GOLD. sits with BET.*) Goldie is such a timid little thing. (*GOLD. grimaces at Miss M.*) And here is Miss Nancy Brown from New York town. (*Enter NANCY from L.*) Nancy, this is the conductor.

NAN. (*goes to HAR. and shakes hands with him*). Glad to meet you.

HAR. I'm glad' you're glad.

NAN. Are you married?

HAR. (*astonished*). Why—er—that is —

NAN. Yes or no? I can't waste my time being introduced to married men.

HAR. Well, then, I am not married.

NAN. Engaged?

HAR. I don't think so.

PAUL. (*to TESS.*). Oh, did you hear that?

TESS. Well, he isn't, is he?

PAUL. No, I don't suppose he is, but he certainly has tried hard enough to be.

TESS. But you've turned him down. Aren't you eloping with Sir Gilbert?

PAUL. Oh, yes, of course. I forgot all about Sir Gilbert.

NAN. (*talking to HAR.*). I'm not engaged either, and I'm nearly nineteen. Isn't that a shame?

MISS M. Nancy!

NAN. Yes, Miss Molecule?

MISS M. Sit down and don't monopolize the conductor.

NAN. (*sits*). I'm down.

MISS M. Now, young ladies, be on your good behavior. Don't talk too much, don't giggle and do not leave your seats. I'll return as soon as I've purchased the tickets.

[*Exit, L.*]

(HAR. *starts after her; the girls all make a rush for him and drag him down c.*)

NAN. You can't go.

DIX. I should say not.

GOLD. Why, we were just beginning to get acquainted.

MAR. You girls leave him alone. He's mine. I saw him first.

BET. But he likes blondes best. Don't you, Mr. Conductor?

HAR. Well, I —

DIX. He does not. He likes brunettes.

BET. But he said that he thought Dakota girls were angels, and I'm a Dakota girl.

GOLD. He's going to protect me from the road-agents, aren't you? You said you would.

(*All talk at once, pulling him first one way and then the other. He enjoys it immensely.*)

PAUL. (*rises*). I can't stand it any longer.

TESS. (*with her*). What are you going to do?

PAUL. I'm going to teach him a lesson. A lesson he'll never forget.

TESS. But you are forgetting Sir Gilbert.

PAUL. Oh, no, I'm not. Come, I have a scheme.

[*Exit, R., followed by TESS.*]

Enter CLAR. from R.

NAN. He's going to sit with me.

(*Pulls HAR. down beside her.*)

GOLD. He is not. (*Tries to pull him up again.*)

NAN. You let him alone. (*Pulling him back.*)

DIX. Nancy Brown, don't be such a pig.

BET. She always wants everything.

CLAR. Ladies, ladies! (*Loudly.*) Ladies!

GIRLS (*turn to him and laugh*). Yes?

(*Girls laugh loudly at CLAR., who is posing at r.*)

CLAR. Dat man is only de conductor. I am de porter!

MAR. Oh, but we like the conductor. Don't we, girls?

GIRLS. Of course we do.

CLAR. Ain't no one got a kind look for a poor lone-some orphan porter?

GIRLS. Not this morning.

CLAR. Ain't dat scandalous? Well, I don't keer. I got a gal way down south in Caroline. She's sweet Emmalina, ma gal!

(*Comedy song by CLAR., the others standing behind and doing steps and gestures in unison.*)

Enter Miss M. from L.

MISS M. Young ladies, young ladies, I am astonished. Take your seats immediately. Until the train starts you may exercise your minds by reading eighteen paragraphs of psychology, starting on page ninety-eight.

(*All take seats. CLAR. and HAR. go out at r.*)

Enter VEN. and SIS from L.

SIS. Train hain't started yet. If I'd 'a' knowed we was goin' to wait yere in Eczemy so long I'd 'a' taken more time to eat my vittels. I like to swallered that 'ere ham sandwich hull.

VEN. Set down, Sis, and don't talk so much. I ain't feelin' very peert. I knowed when I et mustard on them greens and then et that thar ice-cream cone in the depot I hadn't ought to did it. I kin feel my internal dyspepsy jest a-gallopin'. (*Sinks back in seat and groans.*)

SIS. My maw says that your internal dyspepsy is all imagination.

VEN. Ef your maw had 'a' et turnip greens and raw mustard and then taken ice-cream to top it off I reckon

she'd know more about internal dyspepsy than she does now.

Enter TIM TUCKINS from L., carrying old-fashioned grips.

He tries to flirt with the girls, but they mock him.

Finally he sits down by MOE.

MOE. Say, meester, vot time does der train start?

TIM. Ain't no tellin'. You see it's a slow train and then the conductor he's got a gal here in Eczemy and the train allers waits till he gits a good visit with his gal.

MOE. My gracious, I'm so excited. If I don't get to Skink Holler by six o'clock maybe my wife will marry somevон else.

TIM. Your wife?

MOE. She ain't my wife yet. I'm goin' to get married just as soon as I get to Skink Holler. Und maybe I ain't excited. I ain't never seen her yet.

TIM. Say, ain't you takin' a big chance?

MOE. Oh, no. I've corresponded mit her for seven months and I got her photograph. I'm a lucky man, I am. Her name is Codfish und she's got eighty-five dollars in der bank und a house and lot with a front porch und shade-trees und seven rooms all furnished ready to begin housekeeping. Say, am I lucky or ain't I?

TIM. I dunno. I ain't never seen Miss Codfish.

Enter CLAR. from R.

ALL. When is the train going to start?

CLAR. Deed and I dunno. You see we's been yere so long dat dere's a corn crop done growed up on de track in front of de en-gine and dey can't start de keers until dey gather in de corn.

VEN. Ain't that jes' scandalous?

Enter MRS. TALCUM from L., followed by CECELIA. They cross to R. CECELIA stumbles over MOE's grips and falls.

CEC. Oh, maw, I like to busted my foot, so I did.

(Cries.)

MRS. T. Now, Cecelia, don't cry. Why, all the ladies and gentlemen are looking right at you.

CEC. (*crying*). But it hurts.

MRS. T. Be still. Do you want folks to think you've never had any raising at all?

CEC. I never did have no raisin. Not since we had mince pies last winter. Who's got the raisins?

(*They find seats.*)

(*Girls study, VEN. knits, SIS chews gum vigorously, TIM combs his hair, MOE sleeps and snores, MRS. T. reads paper, CEC. plays with doll. All sing very slowly to hymn tune "How Gentle God's Commands."*)

We wish the train would go,
We wish the train would go,
We wish the train, the train would go,
We wish the train would go!

(*During the singing TESS., dressed in PAUL.'s clothes, with veil over face, enters and takes a seat at c.*)

CEC. Mothah, I'm hungry

MRS. T. Keep still, Cecelia.

CEC. But I'm hungry, I am. And I want a drink of water.

MRS. T. Why, Cecelia, you just had your lunch. Have you forgotten?

CEC. Yes, I forgotten. I wanna play.

MRS. T. You can't play now. You're going away on the great big choo-choo cars.

CEC. I wanna play conductor.

MRS. T. Oh, you're too big to play conductor. You're getting to be a big girl now, Cecelia.

Enter GILBERT from L. He carries box and papers and sits beside TESS.

GIL. I got 'em. Just in time, too. They've got the en-

gine fixed and we are going to start. (*Pause, he looks at TESS.*) You're not angry, are you?

(TESS. *shakes her head.*)

HAR. (*outside at r.*). All aboard! This train for Skink Holler, Ozark, Bodark, Lebanon, Ricketts, Jay Center and all points north-north-east! All aboard!

(*Whistle blows. Bell rings. Train starts.*)

CEC. Oh, mamma, we're starting.

VEN. Now mebbe I kin git some relief fer my internal dyspepsy. You-uns don't know what a misery I got.

Enter HAR. from r. All sing.

ALL. So long, paw; so long, maw;
So long, mule, with your old hee-haw;
For I am off to see the sights,
The city streets and the 'lectric lights.
I'll laugh and sing and tell some jokes,
And act, by gosh, like the city folks—
I'll cut up till I'm black and blue,
And that's about all one critter can do.

(*Curtain falls on the sixth line of the song.*)

ACT II

SCENE.—*Same as the first act. Characters are seated on the moving train. Seats all face toward r. In the first seat are MAR. and DIX., behind them are BET. and GOLD. In the third seat from r. are MISS M. and NAN. Behind them are TESS. and GIL., behind them are VEN. and SIS, behind them MOE and TIM, behind them an empty seat; the last seat is occupied by MRS. T. and CEC.*

GIL. Here we are almost to Slabside Corners and you haven't said a word to me all the way. What's the matter? Are you angry? (*She shakes her head "no."*) Have I offended you? (*She repeats action.*) Pauline, why don't you speak to me?

(*She turns from him and looks out of the window.*)

SIS. Aunt Venus, I'm hungry agin.

VEN. Wall, glory-to-goshen, Sis Hopkins, I'm ashamed of ye. You-uns shouldn't eat so much. It hain't healthy and it'll give you the hives er sump'm. I 'clare to gracious I never see sich a critter fer eatin'. You-uns'll have the internal dyspepsy like I got, ef you don't take heed.

MISS M. Young ladies, young ladies!

GIRLS. Yes, Miss Molecule?

MISS M. Look over there in that field. Those grayish white animals are sheep, and the diminutive sheep sporting by their elders are called lambs. Please make a note of that. (*Girls make notes.*) Sheep is the common name of the genus *Ovis*, belonging to the hollow-horned ruminant family.

BET. How do you spell ruminant, Goldie?

(*GOLD. shows her.*)

Miss M. Sheep furnish the community at large with mutton, clothing and other necessaries of life.

Dix. What kind of clothing is mutton clothing, Miss Molecule?

Miss M. Put a comma after the mutton, Dixie. You are so negligent of your punctuation.

Enter CLAR. from L.

CLAR. Next stop is Slabside Corners. (*Calls loudly in drawling tone.*) Slabside Corners! Slabside Corners!

Miss M. Slabside Corners? Young ladies, gather your things together. We are nearing our destination.

(*Girls put on hats, etc.*)

VEN. (*looks out of the window*). Wall, I declare, Sis Hopkins, look over thar. Thar's a new building goin' up in Slabside Corners.

SIS. Whar is it?

VEN. Thar on Hezekiah Bustabutton's place. Glory-to-goshen! that man's a-puttin' up a new pig-pen. Whar on airth do them Bustabuttons git all their money to squander thataway?

NAN. (*looking out of window*). Oh, what a horrible little place.

Miss M. We only stay here seven hours when we meet the train going south.

GOLD. Why, there isn't any depot. There isn't even a taxi.

VEN. See here, young woman, I'll have you understand Slabside Corners is jist as good as any place.

GOLD. I only said they didn't have any taxis.

VEN. Wall, I dunno what they'd want of 'em. There ain't nobody in Slabside Corners could play on 'em, ef they did have 'em.

(*Train stops.*)

CLAR. Slabside Corners! Slabside Corners!

(MISS M., MAR., DIX., BET., GOLD. and NAN. *exeunt at L.*)

SIS (*looks out of the window*). Oh, Aunt Venus, what you reckon?

VEN. I dunno. What's happened?

SIS. It's the Doohunkers.

VEN. Whar are they?

SIS. Standin' right out thar waitin' to git onto the keers. Thar's little Mr. Doohunker and big Mis' Doohunker and the Doohunker baby Napoleon. Howdy, Mis' Doohunker. (*Speaks out of the window*.)

VEN. Wall, wall, I wonder whar they're a-travellin' to. Squish over thar a little, honey, and lemme see ef she's gotten a new dress. I ain't seen Rose Ellen Doohunker wear nothin' but calico fer thirty year.

SIS. Lawsy-to-goshen if they-uns ain't got new store clothes on from the skin out. Them thar clothes is a awful pretty pattern.

VEN. They're a-gittin' on the train. And she got a new store bunnet and a umberill, too. Hain't that scandalous? I ain't spoke to her fer ten years and I won't do it now.

Enter VALESKA from L. She takes the seat left vacant by

BET. As she passes TIM she flirts with him and he is much impressed, fixing his tie and hair, etc. He gets up, gathers up his grips and takes the seat back of VAL. Enter MR. DOOHUNKER from L.

Doo. Come on in, Rose Ellen, and be careful how you handle Napoleon. He ain't used to steam keers. Yere's a seat.

(*Sits back of MOE, putting grips all around him*.)

Enter MRS. D. from L., carrying NAPOLEON. MRS. D. is a very large, strong woman and NAP. is a small child of six or seven, dressed to represent a baby in arms. The character of MRS. D. is usually played by a large man dressed like a country woman.

MRS. D. Yere, paw, you hold Napoleon a minute, till I get sot comfortable.

Doo. Set him on the floor. That thar young un's

gittin' as big as his paw. It jes' wears me out to hold him.

MRS. D. (*slams* NAP. *in Doo's arms*). You hesh up and hold your own infant chile. Jest 'cause I'm big you're allers a-puttin' things onto me. (*Sits by Doo*.) Whew, hain't it hot? Here, gimme that paper to fan me with.

(*Grabs newspaper from MOE and fans vigorously*.)

MOE. Vot is it? Vot you doing mit mine paper?

(*Faces her indignantly*.)

MRS. D. (*rises*). Set down!

MOE. But, lady —

MRS. D. (*louder*). Set down!

MOE. But I vant —

MRS. D. (*grabs him by shoulders and forces him back into his chair*). Set down!

MOE. All right. I'm down.

(*Whistle blows. Bell rings. Train starts*.)

GIL. Pauline! (TESS. *turns toward him*.) I think I'll go back in the smoker. You don't mind, do you?

(*She shakes her head and he rises and exits at L.*)

(*Song specialty by VAL., all joining in chorus*.)

MRS. T. Porter! Porter!

CLAR. (*goes to her*). Yas'm, lady, what'll you hab?

MRS. T. It's entirely too warm in this car. I want more ventilation. Open that window.

CLAR. (*fools with window*). Yas'm.

VAL. Porter! (*Screams*.) Porter! Come here!

CLAR. Jes' in a minute, lady.

VAL. Come here at once. I've got a cinder in my eye.

(CLAR. *starts to VAL*.)

MRS. T. Porter, you fix that window so that it will open. (CLAR. *pauses at c.*) At once, do you hear?

(CLAR. starts back to MRS. T.)

VAL. Porter, my eye!

CLAR. Yas'm, comin'. (Starts to VAL.) I'll fix de winder in a minute.

MRS. T. Porter, my window.

(CLAR. pauses at c.)

VAL. My eye! Oh, porter!

(CLAR. crosses almost to VAL.)

MRS. T. Porter, I'll give you a quarter if you'll open my window at once.

CLAR. Lady, money talks, money talks, and all else is deef an' dumb.

(Goes to her, but when he gets to c. VAL. screams.)

VAL. Porter! I'll give you two quarters.

(CLAR. starts toward her.)

MRS. T. Porter!

VAL. Porter!

CLAR. Ladies, I ain't no human centipede, I's only got two laigs and I'm mighty sorry, but I's gotta go in de smoker now and roll dem bones, 'cause I feels ma lucky shiver comin' on and baby shore needs a new pair ob shoes. Shoot dem craps, roll dem lucky dice, come-on-a seben, come-on-a-leben.

VAL. Oh, my eye, my eye! Porter!

CLAR. I hear dem bones a-callin'. (Dances to L. door.) Ka-zum, ka-zum, come-a-seben, come-a-leben, ka-zum! (He reaches door.) Ka-zum! Good-night!

(Dodges out at L.)

VAL. Oh, my poor eye!

TIM. Say, lady, lemme see if I can't got that cinder out. (Goes to her.)

VEN. (rises). You'd better stick seven er eight flax-seeds in her eye and that'll run the cinder clean to Jericho.

(*TIM and VAL. stand by her seat. He examines her eye while she steals his watch, chain and purse, showing them to audience.*)

VAL. There, I feel better now.

TIM. Can't I set down yere beside you? You might get another cinder in your eye.

VAL. (*freezing him*). Sir! How dare you?

TIM (*shivers and turns up coat collar*). Kinda icy this mornin', ain't it?

(*Sits behind VAL. and reads paper. NAP. starts to cry.*)

Doo. Thar, thar, papa's honey, don't you take on that away. You hesh up, ittle tootsy swootsy. (*Baby cries louder.*) Rose Ellen, you take Napoleon. He ain't settin' easy on me.

MRS. D. Come to muvver, honey lamb. (*Takes him.*)

NAP. Ah, goo! Muvver.

MRS. D. Ain't he the little darling? Listen at him talkin' jest as sensible as his paw. And him only thirteen months old.

NAP. (*reaches forward and slaps MOE on head*). Ah, goo!

MOE (*turns and plays with NAP.*). Coochy, coochy, coochy!

NAP. (*stretches arms toward MOE*). Goo-goo, monkey, monkey!

MRS. D. Ain't he the smartest young 'un? He's callin' you a monkey, mister. He's got as much sense as his paw and he ain't only thirteen months old.

NAP. Ah goo! google, google, google!

(*Grabs MOE's hair and pulls it.*)

MRS. D. He wants you to take him. Ain't him muvver's ittle affectionate darling?

(*Puts him on MOE's lap.*)

NAP. (*puts arms around MOE's neck*). Kissie, kissie, kissie. (*Kisses MOE.*)

MOE. Holy Abraham, he's tryin' to bite me. (*Rocks NAP. to sleep.*) Coochy, coochy, coo!

Enter CLAR. from L.

CLAR. (*drawls*). Skeeter Junction! Skeeter Junction! Next stop Skeeter Junction.

MRS. T. Come, Cecelia, here we are at home. Put on your hat.

CEC. I don' wanna.

MRS. T. (*putting on her wraps, getting grips, etc.*). Porter!

CLAR. Yassam!

MRS. T. Help me.

CLAR. Yassam, right yere at your command.

(*Assists her.*)

VEN. You, Sis Hopkins, ain't you-uns got no sense goin' to sleep right on the keers? You-uns is liable to wake up with your pocket picked and all your jewelry gone.

SIS. My maw says there hain't no use a-troublin' trouble till trouble troubles you.

VEN. You-uns had better keep awake and watch out'n the winder and see the sights. Hain't no tellin' when you-uns'll git a ride on the railroad keers agin.

CLAR. Skeeter Junction! Skeeter Junction!

(*Train stops. MRS. T. and CEC. exit at L. Enter MISS M. and NAN. wearing different costumes. They now represent two giddy girls dressed in very extreme costumes, chewing gum vigorously. BLACK comes in from L. dressed as a dude.*)

VAL. (*rises and goes to MOE's seat*). What a pretty baby.

MOE. Sure, he looks just like his papa.

VAL. (*sitting beside MOE*). Are you his papa?

MOE. Who, me? Holy Abraham, no. I'm a bachelor and I'm goin' to be married to-night.

VAL. Isn't that interesting?

MOE. Und it makes me so excited. I alvays git excited ven I git married.

(MISS M. and NAN. *take seat vacated by VAL. BLACK takes seat vacated by MRS. T. Train starts.*)

MISS M. Let's set down here, Nan. This is a good seat.

NAN. Do you know I saw Mr. _____ (*insert the name of some prominent man*) down at the depot.

MISS M. You did? Where do you suppose he is going?

NAN. Jessie told me he was going to Lebanon for his liver.

MISS M. (*giggles*). Going to Lebanon for his liver? What's his liver doing in Lebanon?

NAN. Well, if Mr. _____ is going to Carthage for his liver what will Miss _____ do?

MISS M. Oh, I know. She'll go to Springfield for her constitution.

NAP. Ninny, ninny, ninny.

MOE. Vot are you calling me?

NAP. Ninny.

MOE. I ain't no ninny.

MRS. D. Come to muvver, Napoleon.

(*Takes NAP. and gives him a banana.*)

BLACK. By Jove, isn't it terrible to have to travel in a day-coach with such a vulgar herd of common people. I'll nevah get over it, nevah! My constitution is entirely too delicate.

MRS. D. Oh, is that so? You ought to travel up in front with the engineer.

BLACK. Ladies and country people and colored porters! Oh, I feel faint, I'm such a delicate man.

(*Comedy song by BLACK with chorus by all. During song MOE falls asleep and VAL. steals his watch, tie-pin and pocketbook, etc. She puts all her plunder in a small hand-bag. At the end of his song BLACK resumes seat.*)

Enter HAR. from R.

HAR. (*goes to Miss M. and NAN. in second seat from R.*). Tickets, please.

MISS M. How much is it to Shaderville?

HAR. Sixty cents fare and three dollars and eighty cents war tax.

NAN. Ain't that awful? (*Chews gum vigorously.*)

HAR. Didn't you get tickets?

MISS M. Certainly. Lemme see what I done with mine. (*Searches for it.*)

NAN. There's mine. (*Hands ticket.*)

MISS M. I know I had it when I started. It ain't in my purse.

NAN. Look in your satchel.

MISS M. I never opened my satchel.

NAN. Feel in your pockets.

MISS M. Pockets? Who ever heard tell of a girl with pockets? Lemme see, now where on earth did I put that ticket? (*Stands up looking all around for ticket.*) I must have laid it down somewhere. I'm so forgetful.

HAR. Isn't that it in your hand?

MISS M. (*looks at ticket in hand*). Why, so it is. Ain't I the forgetful kid, though? Say, I'm awful sorry I caused you so much trouble.

HAR. Oh, that's all right, don't mention it.

MISS M. Oh, that's all right, I won't.

HAR. (*passing to TIM*). Ticket, please.

MISS M. Wasn't he the cutest thing?

NAN. I jest love a good looking conductor, don't you?

MISS M. (*with a long sigh*). I wonder if he'll come back.

HAR. (*passing to TESS*). Ticket.

TESS. (*hands him ticket*). There.

HAR. Weren't you with the gentleman back in the smoker?

TESS. Yes, I was, but I guess I can pay my own fare, can't I?

HAR. (*returns her ticket*). It isn't necessary. He paid for you.

VEN. Sis, vere comes the man arter our tickets.

SIS. You-uns has got 'em.

VEN. Where air they?

SIS. You stuck 'em in your spectacle case. I seen you when you done it.

VEN. (*hands tickets to conductor*). Say, how fur air we from Vinegar Creek?

HAR. Do you want to go to Vinegar Creek?

VEN. I don't want to—I have to.

MRS. D. Porter, Porter!

CLAR. (*goes to her*). Yas'm?

MRS. D. Say, porter, when this train stops at my station which end will I get off?

CLAR. Which end will you get off? Lady, ef you don't want to hab a terrible accident you take my advice and get both ends off.

(HAR. *collects tickets from MOE and VAL. and from Doo.*)

TESS. Porter!

CLAR. (*slides to her*). Yas, lady, comin' right down front.

TESS. Do you reckon the train will stop at Skink Holler long enough fer me to git off?

CLAR. We stops five minutes. I reckon you kin git off, but you might have to leave some ob dem bandboxes behind. You'd orter travelled in the mail train.

TESS. The mail train? Right with the males? Now, you see here, you insignificant, longitudinal, differentiated poor apology of a withered turnip, I want you to understand that I ain't goin' to travel in no mail train. I ain't so crazy about the males as all that, and I'm going to be married to-night in Skink Holler, don't you fergit that. Of course, I ain't got nothin' agin the males, but I like 'em one at a time and not all in a bunch. I'm just like _____ (*insert the name of some well known local beauty*), and I like the men one at a time, one time, day time, noon time, night time, any old time—me fer the men!

CLAR. (*falls back as if in a faint*). Water, water!

Doo. Say, conductor, what's the best way to git to —

(Insert the name of some town near where the play is given.)

HAR. The best way to get to _____? Well, sir, the best way to get to _____ is in a hearse.

Doo. What's the fare?

HAR. Three dollars including war tax.

(Doo. and Mrs. D. are standing.)

Doo. Thar ye be. (Gives him money.)

HAR. Who's that lady next to you?

Doo. That's my wife.

HAR. Three dollars for your wife.

Doo. Hay?

HAR. I said three dollars for your wife.

Doo. All right. She's yours. Sold fer three dollars.

(Doo. pushes Mrs. D. to HAR. She turns and whacks

Doo. over the head with Moe's umbrella. NAP. yells as Mrs. D. sits down on him.)

CLAR. Next stop's Rolla. Change keers fer Seetucket, Pawtucket, Bubtucket an' Nantucket. Rolla, Rolla! Change fer Elizabeth. Change fer Elizabeth.

BLACK. Portah, portah!

(HAR. collects the rest of the tickets.)

CLAR. (hurrying to him). Right at you, boss.

BLACK. What did you say?

CLAR. I said change fer Elizabeth. Change fer Elizabeth.

BLACK (hands him a dime). I don't know the poor lady, but there is ten cents for her.

CLAR. Ten cents?

BLACK. Didn't you say change for Elizabeth?

CLAR. Oh, yassir, yassir. I'll see dat Elizabeth gets it. Leave all dat to me.

BLACK. Is it a deserving case, portah?

CLAR. No, sah, it's a beer case. (Laughs.) Change for Elizabeth. Rolla, Rolla! Change for Seetucket, Pawtucket, Bubtucket, Nantucket and I-tucket.

(Shows dime.)

SIS. Aunt Venus, the train's done stopped. I wonder could I go out and gitten one of them thar ham sandwiches?

VEN. Glory-to-goshen, yere the chile talk. Ef you eat another mouthful afore we git to Vinegar Creek you-uns is goin' to ketch my internal dyspepsy as shore as you're born.

Enter COLLEGE BOYS. *Specialty introduced, either instrumental music, guitars, mandolins, ukuleles, etc., or a male quartet. They take the vacant seats.*

MOE (*leaves his seat and crosses down to CLAR.*). Say, meester, can't I interest you in a nice pair of suspenders?

CLAR. Man, you couldn't even interest me in a peek-a-boo shirt-waist. (*Sings.*)

Oh, once I had-a money,
An' life was a joke,
But now I's hoodooed,
And I'm likewise broke.

[Exit, L.

MOE (*sits with TIM*). Meester, I vant to show you some nice suspenders.

TIM (*tries to interrupt*). I told you once —

MOE (*keeps right on talking*). Dis is called the Uneeda Suspender. (*Shows sample.*) It acts at all times like a good suspender should, but ven it ain't in use it can be used to strop a razor on, or to make a swing for your leedle boy —

TIM (*tries to interrupt*). I don't want no suspenders.

MOE (*keeps right on talking*). Or to make a fanbelt for your automobile, or to make a harness for your pony, or to make a fancy elastic sash for your wife.

TIM (*talking at the same time as MOE*). I don't want no suspenders. I got a plenty. You see my Aunt Belinda gives me a pair every year fer Christmas —

MOE (*talking at the same time*). It has patent adjustable buttonholes and der rubber stretches like anything —

TIM. I reckon I got as many as six er eight pair lyin' around the house this very minute. Every color, kind and description.

MOE (*continuing*). Oh, it's a bargain, a wonderful bargain. It is called Uneeda Suspender because ninety out of every hundred men do.

TIM. I don't.

MOE. Uneeda suspender.

TIM. I don't need nothin'.

MOE. It comes in red, blue, white, purple, black, yellow and mixed—and it only costs a helluf of a dollar. (*Gestures*.) And if dot ain't giving it away, vot is it?

TIM. I tell you I don't want none.

(TIM and MOE argue in pantomime.)

COLLEGE MEN (*harmonize to tune, "O Happy Day"*). How dry I am, How dry I am, Nobody seems, To give a clam.

SIS. They got some right tolerable good ice-water up thar in the tank ef you-uns is thirsty.

MEN (*sing as before*). Oh, say not so; Oh, say not so; Ice-water rusts our pipes, you know.

SIS. Did you-uns know that I was sump'm of a singer myself?

MEN (*as before*). We are athletes—Go on and sing—For we can stand—Most anything.

(SIS comes to front, makes awkward bow and sings with awkward gestures and decidedly off the key.)

My bonnie lies over the ocean,

My bonnie lies over the sea;

My bonnie lies over the ocean,

Oh, bring back my bonnie to me.

Bring back, bring back,

Bring back my bonnie to me, to me;

Bring back, bring back,

Oh, bring back my bonnie to me!

(MEN howl like dogs.)

SIS. You-uns don't know good music when you year it, you-uns don't. Why, only last summer the singin' teacher said I had a voice like —

MOE (*to TIM loudly*). Uneeda Suspenders.

MISS M. (*with novel*). Oh, Nancy, this is the most thrilling book I ever read. It's perfectly grand. Just listen to this. (*Reads, every one listens attentively*.) "John's heart beat ecstatically with the joy of his new found happiness. Many years he had waited for this blissful moment, and then taking Arabella by the hand he gazed rapturously into the depths of her melting eyes, lit with the divine light of holy love and saw —"

(*Pauses.*)

ALL. What did he see?

MOE. Uneeda Suspenders.

Enter CLAR. from L.

CLAR. Telegram for Mr. Squnk, telegram for Mr. Squnk. (*Passing to R.*) I's got a telegram for Mr. Squnk. Telegram for Mr. Squnk.

Enter HAR. from R.

HAR. You have a telegram for me?

CLAR. Telegram for Mr. Squnk.

HAR. Give it to me.

(*Takes it and opens it. All gather around.*)

ALL. Is it bad news?

HAR. (*dramatically*). Bad news? The worst! My Pauline has eloped.

ALL. Pauline eloped?

Enter GIL. from L.

HAR. She is here on this train. With another man. Where is she? Who has stolen my pretty Pauline Petty, the belle of Eczema?

GIL. (*strides to him*). Well, what is that to you?

HAR. Everything. Where is she? What have you

done with her? Ah, ha! At last I recognize you, Gilbert Darkwood. I know you now and you shall answer to me.

GIL. I do not fear you. The girl preferred me to you, that is all. (*Laughs in a villainous manner.*) She preferred the aristocrat to the conductor, that's all. Me good fellow, it's the old, old story. It takes wealth to win a woman.

HAR. Coward!

GIL. What, this to me?

HAR. Yes, in your very teeth. Well do I know your desperate work, Gilbert Darkwood. Your poor old mother ran the lunch counter at college. It was you who filled her mince pies with sawdust.

GIL. Discovered!

HAR. I know you well. You fiend, in human form, you wolf in sheep's clothing.

GIL. Bah! Bah, bah, bah!

CLAR. Bah, bah! Dat man is a sheep in wolf's clothing.

HAR. (*facing the villain bravely.*) Again I ask you, where is my Pauline?

GIL. She is there! (*Points to TESS.*) Soon will she be my wife, handsome Harry Squnk, and your days of heroism are at an end.

HAR. (*pulls TESS. to c.*) Pauline, is this true? (*Pathetic tone.*) Speak to me, Pauline; one little word to say it hain't true.

TESS. It hain't.

(*Play to climax with tense, melodramatic effect.*)

GIL. Pauline Petty, you forget yourself!

HAR. Pauline, I will save you yet. In spite of all you are my Pauline.

TESS. No, I hain't.

ALL. You hain't?

TESS. No!

ALL. Why not?

TESS. (*throws back veil dramatically.*) Because I am not Pauline Petty.

GIL. Curses!

HAR. Then who in tarnation are you?

TESS. I am Tessie Etta Codfish!

MOE. Vot? (*Rushes to her and grabs her wrist.*)

Did you say you were Tessie Etta Codfish? (*At c.*)

TESS. Yes, I did.

MOE. Who is engaged to marry Moe Slibitsky at Skink Holler on dis very night?

TESS. Yes, I am on my way to him now.

MOE. It ain't no use. I von't marry you!

TESS. You won't! Who are you?

MOE. Vomans, I am Moe Slibitsky.

TESS. (*goes to him pleadingly*). Oh, Moe, forgive me! Forgive me. (*Kneels at his feet.*)

MOE. Forgive you? Never! Ven you are trying to elope mit dot volf in sheep's cloddings, und second hand cloddings, at that. He don't even wear Uneeda Suspenders. Und I find you eloping mit him ven you have corresponded mit me and promised to marry me to-night at Skink Holler. Vomans, you have broken my heart.

TESS. (*grovels at his feet*). No, no, Moe, forgive me, forgive me! It was only to save an innocent girl from the clutches of Gilbert Darkwood. Speak to me, one little word! Speak to me!

MOE. I von't speak to you.

CLAR. Aw, go on an' speak to her.

MOE. You have broken my heart and thus do I cast you off. (*TESS. on her knees reaches up and grasps his hands, pleading with him.*) Go back to your wolf in sheep's clothing, mitout Uneeda Suspenders. I cast you off. I cast you out. (*Throws her to floor.*) I cast you into the snow. Henceforth, we are strangers. Forever and ever strangers.

TESS. Oh, what can I do? Where can I go? Have I no friends? Will no one befriend me?

(CLAR. *sprinkles paper snow over TESS.*)

HAR. Yes, I will be your friend.

ALL. You!

HAR. Handsome Harry Squnk, the hero conductor is

always a friend to a woman in distress. (*Turns to MOE.*) And as for you, sir, there is my card. (*Gives him a playing card.*) I am at your service, where and when you will.

MOE. At my service?

HAR. Yes, sir, at your service.

MOE. Oh, dot's all right. Let me sell you a nice pair of Uneeda Suspenders. (*Produces sample.*) It has patent adjustable buttonholes and der rubber stretches like anything, and it costs only a helluf of a dollar. (*Gestures.*) And if dot ain't giving it avay, vot is it?

CURTAIN

NOTE.—*Begin to drop curtain on words "adjustable buttonholes."*

ACT III

SCENE.—*Same as the first and second acts. Two COLLEGE BOYS sit in first seat from r. MISS M. and NAN. sit behind them. MOE and TESS. sit in third seat from r. VEN. and SIS are behind them. Two COLLEGE BOYS sit in fifth seat from r. GIL. sits behind them alone. DOO., MRS. D. and NAP. sit behind GIL., and VAL. sits in the seat behind DOO. HAR. stands at L. and CLAR. at r. BLACK sits with VAL. MISS M. is reading novel and all are bending forward listening to it.*

MISS M. (*reading*). “She bent over his prostrate form, her little hand clinging to his. It was all up with Algernon. Never more would they wander side by side beside the brookside. Never more would they dream of the future, now it was all past. He had given up his life, his all, for her. But hark! a word issued from his tremulous lips. ‘Gwendolyn, my life hangs by a single thread,’ he said. ‘Only one thing can save me, and if that fails all will be off. Only one thing and that is——’”

MOE (*bending over her shoulder and speaking with much emotion*). Uneeda Suspenders!

MISS M. (*indignantly closes book*). Oh! You make me sick.

MOE. Vell, you don't gimme any appetite yourself.

(NAP. *starts to cry*.)

MRS. D. There, there, muvver's pet lammie, what's the matter? (NAP. *cries louder*.) Doohunker, go and git Napoleon a drink of water. (NAP. *yells*.)

Doo. Water? He needs paregoric.

MRS. D. Don't argue with your wife. You think jest because I'm a pore weak woman that I don't know nothin'. Go and git my baby some water.

Doo. It's my baby.

MRS. D. *Our baby!* Now hurry up before I git riled and bust this satchel over your no-nothin' haid.

DOO. Yes'm, I'm a-hurryin'. [Exit at L.

BLACK. Maybe the baby would like a banana.

MRS. D. Oh, thank you, sir. (*Takes it.*) You certainly know how to make babies stop cryin'. You must have two or three yourself. (*NAP. eats.*)

VAL. (*to BLACK*). Would you like to look at this fashion magazine?

BLACK. Oh, how perfectly lovely. Thank you very much. I just adore fashion magazines.

(*Reads it while she steals his watch and wallet.*)

Enter MALE SINGER from R. He sings some popular song and LADY enters from L. and assists him in chorus. In the original company the man (dressed in uniform of a doughboy) sang "Salvation Lassie of Mine," assisted by MRS. T. dressed as a Salvation Army lassie. At end of specialty the singers exit at R.

TESS. And you are sure you forgive me?

MOE. Oh, I'm awful sure. Und you promise me you von't go eloping mit any more wolves in sheep's cloddin'?

TESS. I'll never leave you again as long as I live, and you'll never leave me.

MOE. But I gotta go out und sell my Uneeda Suspenders.

TESS. Then I'll go along with you and collect the money.

MOE. Oh, Tessie!

TESS. Oh, Moie!

(*They look at each other and give long sigh in unison.*)

(*GIL. falls asleep. Enter DOO. from L., carrying a collapsible cup of water.*)

DOO. (*goes to seat*). There's the water fer papa's honeybunch.

NAP. Honeybunch don't want no water. Honeybunch wants a nickel.

MRS. D. Jest listen at that chile talk, and him only thirteen months old. Ain't that plum scandalous?

Doo. What'll I do with this cup of water?

MRS. D. Give it to me.

(*He does so; she takes it, squeezes the cup and spills water over NAP., who yells.*)

Doo. Wall, I never!

MRS. D. What you tryin' to do; drown your own baby Napoleon?

Doo. I didn't do nawthin'.

MRS. D. Set down and shet up.

Doo. But I —

MRS. D. You set down er I'll set you down.

Doo. I'm down. Now —

MRS. D. Now shet up.

(*GIL. snores. All look at him.*)

SIS. Who's sawin' that wood?

CLAR. Dat man's got de most musical snore I eber heerd snored in all my snorin' days. He's a-snorin' de Memphis Blues.

VAL. (*rises and comes to GIL.*). The poor young man.

TESS. He's a villain, he is. A human wolf with a black mustache.

VAL. (*sits beside GIL.*). Well, anyhow he has an awful musical voice.

VEN. Sis, you hunt around in that 'ere satchel and see ef you can't find me some o' them 'ere Pink Pills fer Pale People. I feel that internal dyspepsy a-ragin' clean through me.

(*SIS searches for the pills and finally produces very large pink candy pills and feeds them to VEN., who makes much ado when she takes them.*)

BLACK (*calls to CLAR., who is near him*). Boy, come here.

CLAR. Right at you, boss.

BLACK. I'll have to have a sleeper to-night. I'm so

delicate I just can't stay in a day-coach any longer. You sell sleepers, don't you?

CLAR. Oh, yassir, boss, we sells 'em.

BLACK. How much would it cost for me to take a sleeper from St. Vitusville to St. Louis?

CLAR. De uppers am four dollars and de lowers am six dollars.

BLACK. By Jove, how can that be?

CLAR. How can what be?

BLACK. How can the lowers be higher than the uppers?

CLAR. (*puzzled*). How's dat, boss? I don't jest quite catch de continuity ob your suggestications.

BLACK. You said the uppers were four dollars.

CLAR. (*counts on fingers*). Yassir, dat's right. Upper four dollars.

BLACK. And the lowers six dollars?

CLAR. (*counts*). Yassir, dat's a fac'.

BLACK. Then the lowers are higher than the uppers.

CLAR. Is dey?

BLACK. Yes, two dollars higher. Now why is that?

CLAR. De lowers higher dan de uppers. Ain't dat remarkable? How kin anything dat's lower be higher dan sump'm dat's upper? Dawg, if I know. (*Sudden smile.*) Yass, I does, yass I does. De lowers is higher dan de uppers 'cause it jes' naturally stands to reason dat dey's *got* to be higher dan de uppers, fer the simple fac' dat de uppers is lower dan de lowers. See?

BLACK. But there is one thing I don't like about the uppers.

CLAR. Yassir, one thing you don't like about de uppers —what is it?

BLACK. Why, old dear, you've got to get up before you go to bed.

CLAR. (*densely*). Get up before you go to bed? No, sah, you don't.

BLACK. You've got to get up in the uppers before you go to bed.

CLAR. (*laughs*). Lawsy, boss, dat's a fac', dat shore is a fac'. Yassir, and when you get ready to retire, boss,

I'll take steps to put you to bed. (*Laughs loudly.*) Unnerstand? I'll take steps to put you to bed. Lawsy, lawsy, ef you hain't jes' de jokinis' man I ever seen!

(*Goes out at L. laughing.*)

Enter TIM from R. He sings popular rural song with chorus by MAR., DIX., BET. and GOLD., dressed as farm boys in overalls, white shirts, red bandanas and big straw hats. If this costume is objectionable use calico aprons, sunbonnets, curls, etc., but the first suggestion never fails to make a big hit with audiences. Others on stage may assist in the chorus. At end of specialty TIM and the four girls dance off at R. "How You Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm" was the song used in the original production. During the song VAL. steals GIL.'s valuables, including the jewel box and the papers.

TESS. (*after specialty*). What time will we reach Skink Holler, Moie, dear?

MOE. At helluf past eight, sweetheart.

TESS. And what time is it now?

MOE. Wait, I'll see. (*Looks for his watch; lets out a big yell.*) Help, murder, fire, police, stop der cars, robbers, stop der train. I've been robbed.

ALL. Robbed? (*They gather around him.*)

MOE. My vatch, my nice nickel-plated, almost-gold vatch vot my grandfadder brought over from Russia mit him and gife to me fer a wedding present has been stole.

BLACK. My goodness gracious Agnes, my watch has been stolen, too. (*Feels for pin.*) And my scarf pin and my money purse and everything. Ain't it awful! My, I'm so excited.

MOE. Oh, Fader Abraham, my money is also gone. Dirty-seven dollars and dirty-eight cents. Stolen. Police! Conductor! Stop the train, I've been robbed.

TIM. I've been robbed too. Lost every cent and all my jewelry, by heck!

GIL. So have I. There's some clever thief on board this train.

HAR. Stop!

MOE. Vy must ve stop?

HAR. To see if we can find the missing plunder.
Every one must be searched.

SIS. Oh, lookee outa the winder. There's a Flivver
that's racin' with our train. They been follerin' us fer
about a mile and are jest cotchin' up with us.

(*All look out of the window.*)

DOO. It's a woman driving.

MRS. D. You shet up and set down and don't be
lookin' at the women. Ain't I enough?

CLAR. Look at her go, look at 'er comin' down dat
hill. Come on, ole Flivver, I'll bet ma money on you!

TESS. We are going faster, too. The engineer sees
she is racing him and is putting on more steam.

SIS. She's ketchin' up. She's ketchin' up.

VEN. What's she a-wavin' her arms thataway fer?

HAR. She wants us to stop. (*Pause, looks closer.*)
What do I see? It's Pauline!

ALL. Pauline?

HAR. Porter, run up and tell the engineer to stop the
car. [Exit CLAR., L.

GIL. I'm run to earth! (*Starts to exit.*)

HAR. Stop!

GIL. Foiled again!

HAR. You'll stay right where you are until Pauline
arrives.

(*Train stops.*)

DOO. Say, what they stoppin' the train fer? We
won't git to _____ (*insert the name of the town where
the play is being given*) till way after supper.

SIS (*looking out of window*). She's a-gittin' out of
the Flivver. She's gittin' on the train.

VEN. Glory-to-goshen, I ain't seen so much excite-
ment sence old man DeNune kicked his wife in the lime-
kiln back in Vinegar Creek.

Enter CLAR. from L.

CLAR. Yere she is, boss. Miss Pauline Petty, de belle ob Eczema.

Enter PAULINE from L.

PAUL. (*goes to HAR.*). Harry, are you safe?

HAR. Sure. In the last act the hero is always safe.

PAUL. (*turns to GIL.*). So, Sir Gilbert Darkwood, I have found you out at last.

GIL. What do you mean found me out?

PAUL. I mean that you have deceived me. You are no moving-picture actor.

GIL. How do you know that?

PAUL. Because you ain't looking at the camera.

GIL. Curses, I am discovered!

PAUL. You tried to force me to elope with you and well you know that you have a wife, four children, a flat and a bulldog on _____ (*insert name of some street in your home town*) in _____ (*insert name of home town*).

GIL. You are not going to throw me into prison, are you? Be merciful as well as beautiful. Pauline Petty, the belle of Eczema, Mizzoury, could not be cruel even if she tried.

PAUL. Then return to me my jewels and me father's papers.

HAR. (*seizes him*). What! You stole her jewels and her father's papers? Base scoundrel, that shall be your last desperate deed. (*Forces him to his knees.*)

GIL. Mercy, mercy!

HAR. No, me heart is stone, I'll show you no mercy.

PAUL. Hold, Harry, hold your hand. For my sake release him.

HAR. For your sake?

PAUL. For my sake!

CLAR. For goodness' sake!

HAR. Very well, I will do as you wish. Arise, Sir Gilbert Darkwood, you are free.

PAUL. But you gotta make him gimme me jewels and paw's papers.

GIL. Very well. I'll consent to your demands. There are your papers. (*Hands laundry slip to HAR.*)

HAR. (*reads*). Troy Laundry Company, three shirts, four collars, six socks, two etceteras, total eighty-seven cents.

PAUL. Them hain't paw's papers.

HAR. (*tears up slip and throws it in GIL.'s face*). No, them hain't paw's papers!

GIL. (*feeling in pockets*). I have been robbed. The jewels and the papers are gone!

MOE. Sure, so is my vatch.

TIM. And my money.

BLACK. And my wallet.

MEN. We've all been robbed.

PAUL. Oh, father's papers have been stolen. Am I always to be persecuted like this? It's hard! It's hard! Who has stolen paw's papers?

VAL. I have!

ALL. You? Who are you?

VAL. Valeska Vamp, the celebrated lady detective.

CLAR. Is you one ob dem defectives?

VAL. I knew that man had your father's papers. In order to get them and keep them safe it was necessary to rob all the men. (*Takes plunder from bag*.) There's your watch and belongings. (*Hands things to MOE*.)

MOE. Suffering Rachael! I got my vatch back again, und also my belongings.

VAL. (*to TIM*). And yours—(*to BLACK*) and yours!

PAUL. But where are me jewels and where are me paw's papers? [Exit CLAR. at L.

VAL. (*hands them to her*). There! They were safe in my keeping.

PAUL. Saved, saved! Now, Harry, we can be married at last. These papers prove that I am the heiress of the Golden Valley mine and that man (*points to GIL.*) knew the fatal secret and tried to win a fortune. But it is yours, handsome Harry Squnk. Take it and with it take the hand of pretty Pauline Petty, the belle of Eczema, Mizzouri.

Enter CLAR. from L.

CLAR. (*drawling the name of your home town*). _____! Last stop! All out fer _____!

(*Every one makes a wild rush for grips, hats, etc. The orchestra plays a lively air. Characters all march down from stage into the audience.*)

SIS (*in audience*). Lawsy, glory-to-goshen, ef there hain't maw settin' over there waitin' fer me to come in on the keers.

Doo. Napoleon, thar's yer kin-folks. Howdy, Mister _____, Howdy, Mis' _____, we done been travellin' all evening but we shore air glad to be home at last.

TIM. And there's my gal waitin' fer me. (*Points to some one in the audience.*) I had a great time down in the city, but I certainly am glad to see you home folks all agin.

(*NOTE.—Characters all greet people in the audience as they walk up the aisle to the rear, making characteristic remarks all the time, as suggested above. The actors all gather in the rear of the auditorium and sing.*)

ALL (*sing*).

So long, paw; so long, maw;
So long, mule, with your old hee-haw;
We poked along on the old slow train,
We shore are glad to git home again;
The engine's broke, won't do a thing,
They tied it up with a old shoe-string;
We hope that you had a good time, too;
And that's about all us critters kin do!

CURTAIN

A REGULAR RAH! RAH! BOY

A Comedy in Three Acts

By Gladys Ruth Bridgham

Fourteen male characters, sixteen or seventeen years old. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays an hour and three-quarters. An ingenious and interesting story of football politics, into the plot of which the "movies" enter as a detective agency. Fred Williamson's unexpected talents as a photo-play comedian get him into all kinds of trouble. Full of the true college atmosphere, lively, bright and a sure hit. Strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

LE ROY BRIGGS, *captain of the football team*

SAM BIGELOW, *centre*

FRED WILLIAMSON, *quarter back*

HAROLD SMITH, *half back*

PHILIP AINSWORTH, *sub*

DICK COLTON, *sub.*

RUSSELL SYDNEY

LEONARD FERGUSON

STEPHEN REYNOLDS

CLAYTON KING, *football coach and instructor in Milford Academy.*

MURPHY, *trainer.*

MR. DEANE, *an instructor.*

ALEXANDER NORTON, *Manager of the Star Moving Picture Theatre.*

JIMMY COLTON, *Dick's little brother, "a regular rah! rah! boy."*

Extra schoolboys and visitors for acts two and three.

ON THE QUIET

A Comedy in Two Acts

By Gladys Ruth Bridgham

Twelve male characters. Costumes, modern; scene, a single interior. Plays an hour and a half. A picturesque and exciting story of the Maine Woods. Some Dartmouth freshmen, camping out, become the victims of a practical joke by one of their number who tires of the unexciting life of the camp. They discover a note telling of a brutal murder in the woods and in their pursuit of the criminal through clews ingeniously furnished by the joker, they get a lot of inoffensive people into a sad mix-up, with the aid of Jeremiah Hincks, a rustic Sherlock Holmes. Very swift and lively and strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

HIRAM JONES' BET

A Farce in One Act

By May E. Countryman

One male, two females. Costumes, modern; scenery, an interior. Plays twenty minutes. Hiram Jones, an incurable maker of bets, in veigles two ladies into making wagers with him in regard to the loan of a patent egg-beater; he thinks that he has a safe thing on both, but discovering his plot, the ladies get together and so arrange matters that he loses both bets. Very lively, bright and funny and a sure thing with an audience.

Price, 15 cents

WILLOWDALE

A Play in Three Acts by Arthur Lewis Tubbs. Seven males, five females. Scenery, two easy interiors; costumes, modern. This is a play of exceptional interest and power. Admirably suited for amateur performance, all the parts being good. Godfrey is an admirable heavy part, Joel, Lem and Simon capital character parts, Mis' Hazey a novel eccentric bit, and Oleander a part of screaming comedy. Plays two hours and a quarter.

Price, 25 cents

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL MA'AM

A Play in Three Acts by Arthur Lewis Tubbs. Six males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenes, an interior and an exterior, or can be played in two interiors. Plays two hours or more. Combines a strong sympathetic interest with an abundance of comedy. The parts are unusually equal in opportunity, are vigorously drawn and easily actable. No dialect parts, but plenty of variety in the comedy rôles and lots of amusing incident. Can be strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

BAR HAVEN

A Comedy in Three Acts by Gordan V. May. Six males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors and an exterior, not difficult. Plays two hours. An excellent piece, mingling a strongly serious interest with abundant humor. Offers a great variety of good parts of nearly equal opportunity. Admirably suited for amateur performance, and strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

DOWN IN MAINE

A Drama in Four Acts by Charles Townsend. Eight male, four female characters. This play has no villains, no tangled plot nor sentimental love scenes; yet the climaxes are strong, the action brisk, and the humor genial, and the characters strongly drawn. Can be played in any hall; scenery, of the easiest sort. Properties, few and simple; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening. Strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

HIGBEE OF HARVARD

A Comedy Drama in Three Acts by Charles Townsend. Five males, four females. Modern costumes; scenes, two interiors and an exterior—the latter may be played as well in an interior, if preferred. Plays a full evening. A clever, up-to-date piece, well suited for amateur performance. No small parts; all good. Good plot, full of incident, no love-making, interest strong and sustained.

Price, 15 cents

HOW JIM MADE GOOD

A Comedy Drama in Four Acts by Charles S. Bird. Seven males, three females; two male parts can be doubled. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays two hours. An unusually sympathetic play, well suited to amateurs. Clean and easy to get up. Recommended to high schools. All the parts are good.

Price, 25 cents

THE TIME OF HIS LIFE

A Comedy in Three Acts by C. Leona Dalrymple. Six males, three females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors, or can be played in one. Plays two hours and a half. A side-splitting piece, full of action and a sure success if competently acted. Tom Carter's little joke of impersonating the colored butler has unexpected consequences that give him "the time of his life." Very highly recommended for high school performance.

Price, 25 cents

THE COLLEGE CHAP

A Comedy Drama in Three Acts by Harry L. Newton and John Pierre Roche. Eleven males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays two and a half hours. An admirable play for amateurs. Absolutely American in spirit and up to date; full of sympathetic interest but plenty of comedy; lots of healthy sentiment, but nothing "mushy." Just the thing for high schools; sane, effective, and not difficult.

Price, 25 cents

THE DEACON'S SECOND WIFE

A Comedy in Three Acts by Allan Abbott. Six males, six females. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior, one exterior. Plays two hours and a half. A play of rural life specially written for school performance. All the parts are good and of nearly equal opportunity, and the piece is full of laughs. Easy to produce; no awkward sentimental scenes; can be strongly recommended for high schools.

Price, 25 cents

THE TEASER

A Rural Comedy in Three Acts by Charles S. Allen. Four male, three female characters. Scene, an easy interior, the same for all three acts; costumes, modern. Plays an hour and a half. An admirable play for amateurs, very easy to get up, and very effective. Uraliah Higgins, a country postman, and Drusilla Todd are capital comedy parts, introducing songs or specialties, if desired. Plenty of incidental fun.

Price, 25 cents.

COUNTRY FOLKS

A Comedy Drama in Three Acts by Anthony E. Wills. Six males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior. Plays two and a quarter hours. An effective and up-to-date play well suited for amateur performance. All the parts good and fairly even in point of opportunity; the ladies' parts especially so. Easy to stage, and well suited for schools. Well recommended.

Price, 25 cents

THE MISHAPS OF MINERVA

A Farce in Two Acts by Bertha Currier Porter. Five males, eight females. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Plays one and a half hours. An exceptionally bright and amusing little play of high class and recommended to all classes of amateur players. Full of action and laughs, but refined. Irish low comedy part. Strongly endorsed.

Price, 25 cents

TEDDY, OR, THE RUNAWAYS

A Comedy in Three Acts

By Walter Ben Hare

(Originally produced at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York City,
February 16, 1912.)

Four males, four females. Scenery, a single interior; costumes, modern. Plays two and a quarter hours. An eloping couple take refuge with the Junipers when their auto breaks down. The lady explains that they are being pursued by her brothers, so when a sheriff and posse arrive in pursuit of two thieves, Mrs. Juniper locks them down cellar to let the lovers escape. The sheriff gets out and arrests the Junipers whom he accuses of being the thieves. It finally appears that the lady is an authoress and that she and her husband are posing as thieves in order to get material for a novel. Full of action; characters all good; lots of comedy; strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

JEAN MACLEAN, *Little Miss Fixit.*
MRS. JUNIPER, *a Young Wife.*
VICTORIA, *the Girl in the Taxi.*
TEXANA, *the Girl of the Golden West.*
MAX JUNIPER, *the Perplexed Husband.*
ALONZO WILLING, *the Fortune Hunter.*
TED KEEGAN, *the Man on the Box.*
SHERIFF JIM LARRABEE, *Officer 666.*
Two Deputy Sheriffs

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Living room at Max Juniper's house on a Texas ranch. Spring time.

ACT II.—Same as Act I. The great diamond robbery.

ACT III.—Same as Acts I and II. The thunderbolt.

WANTED—A PITCHER

A Farce in One Act

By M. N. Beebe

Eleven males. Scenery not important; costumes, modern. Plays half an hour. Hank Dewberry, the crack pitcher of the home nine, is kept from the championship game by his skinflint father who wants him to do the haying. Hank's friends try to find a substitute pitcher, with humorous but unsatisfactory results. The elder Dewberry finally releases Hank when one of the players shows him how to win the county championship at checkers, on which he sets his heart. Hebrew, Irish, Italian and "hayseed" comedy character parts. Recommended.

Price, 15 cents

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Leave it to Polly	11	1 1/2	"	25c	"
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Rebecca's Triumph	16	2	"	25c	"
The Thirteenth Star	9	1 1/2	"	25c	"
Twelve Old Maids	15	1	"	25c	"
An Awkward Squad	8	1/4	"	15c	"
The Blow-Up of Algernon Blow	8	1/2	"	15c	"
The Boy Scouts	20	2	"	25c	"
A Close Shave	6	1/2	"	15c	"
The First National Boot	7	2	1	"	15c
A Half-Back's Interference	10	3/4	"	15c	"
His Father's Son	14	1 3/4	"	25c	"
The Man With the Nose	8	3/4	"	15c	"
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Daddy	4	4	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	25c	"
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